

landed as possible, and our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from live stock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr Wilson, up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. These three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Cam Beard topped the Baltimore market with a couple of car loads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around \$9 50 a hundred weight.

Somewhat under duress exerted at such capable hands of authority as Miss Mabel, who is the wife, poor dear, and Doctor Jim, I made the perfectly sincere and all to the good New Year's resolution to quit so much of my running around.

To begin with, I had made a hand for a couple of days on a deer hunt. An old flat foot broke down under pressure; and an infection resulted. The blood stream got to acting up over it and they put me to bed for parts of three days with my foot in a sling. This was different from the metaphorical slings I am always putting my foot in. The orders were positive and plain: from here on I was to act my age. Being on the anxious seat, I readily assented and expected to comply.

My word being out before witnesses, it was with me the summer of self righteous pride which precedes the fall. I declined with regret certain public appearances to break a few random remarks. Ordinarily, I would have risked a better leg than my worse one to have accepted such kind invites.

Come last Sunday afternoon; I was humped up in the chimney corner, with shoes off before the fire, a wondering in my mind if duty was not calling for the sacrifice of a pleasant six mile walk in the woods, for to check up on the birds, beasts and varmints, for a long range forecast on the snow storm the crackle of the fire sure said was brewing.

I hurry to say I am for the daily weather forecasts; their twenty-four hour predictions are to be depended upon for the short period attempted to be covered. However I want longer range forecasts myself, to consult the nut eaters in the fall as to general prospects for a hard or soft winter; then to read signs weekly for the immediate period ahead.

As I pondered to make believe there was satisfaction in the conceit of having been a powerful man in my day, the telephone jingled to break the silence of the hour. It was New York, "We the People" were eating to know whether I could catch the next train out for the big town, for to be an exhibit on the popular radio broadcast, which advertises Banks Coffee. It seemed a typical country editor was wanted, and would I be their huckleberry?

In the words of the truth in an advertisement, sign of an old time merchant, I said go no further to get cheated; I would be on hand.

It is fifty mile down to the settlement; the train would leave in a couple of hours, and it a snowing; I would hit the hay road out in a few minutes with bells a ringing.

The gentleman with the kindest intention in the world, considerably inquired if I had expence money; if not, he would wire an amount sufficient. Daggone, that old boy don't know his mountain people, to realize that if I did not have the money by me or knew where I could get it, I would have had to politely refuse the invite for very good reasons, such as being in bed with bear scratches, and quarantined for rabies.

Incidentally, the record should show that well heeled neighbors did shell out liberally on the spur of my great moment in amounts more than sufficient. I am further moved to remark the old saying is still true that we mountain people are like wild hogs in that we eat each other, but let one of us squeal, and the whole drove packs to his relief.

For seven generations my people have tracked the Seneca Trail—some times before and some times after the 1840s—but none of the breed ever went that long trail awinding with greater trepidation of heart. However, you know the old saying, no fool, no fun, so I went along determined to have a good time regardless, but how I did dread it all. Oh, why should the heart of a mortal be proud!

The trip from the settlement on was just another train ride. At the hotel, there were directions to call the captain's office. Reporting there, an interview was had, in which the short and simple annals of a poor country editor were jotted down for the professional script writer to put within meets and bounds for five minutes of dialogue—no more, no less. Then appointments were made for studio rehearsals. Here your reading voice is tried out to fit radio broadcasting; the script revised, added to and cut out; words marked for emphasis. Then other rehearsals for the revised script. All this was just about as dull as dish water and as uninteresting as preparations for the old home town pageant.

Mouthing over a spontaneous little outburst soon causes it to lose flavor and become flat as a board, no matter how so stimulating in the morning sun it may appear when first expressed. Something like messing up butterfly wings by too much handling, if you catch my point.

I have said before it is ever a painful duty for me to vivisect my feeble jests to show the works to those who wonder what it all may be about any way.

Cont.

There being no part nor parcel of play acting in my make up, there was no temptation to become temperamental—hysterical. In common, everyday language. So like the dumb, driven ox which I am, I plodded along the lines laid out for me. I finally realized I had no particular desire to live through it all, for I knew full well if I was allowed even to come back to the Greenbrier Valley, I could never hope to live the matter down.

To relieve tense reader suspense, I will here say I did live through the experience, and have returned to the bosom of my family. The seen audience which packed the big theatre responded to the weak gags about the same as a gathering of mountain people;

there were kind, encouraging words from the management; there has been a flow of fan mail; even the home people received gladly the threadbare lines I sent over the air.

As an experience I would not take anything for it, but I do not choose any more. Like the old man who said he would not take a million dollars for his wife, but would hesitate to give a dime for another just like her.

My little skit was a dialogue between two editors. Exhibit Number One was Editor Schoenstein of the New York Journal American, 650,000 circulation, 1500 employees. Exhibit Number Two was your Editor of the Pocahontas Times, 3,000 subscribers, 3 employees. I cottoned to the city editor no end; he is smart and he is likable. What a man I could have made of him if I had caught him early enough to train him up as a country editor. Here his personality would have touched humanity direct—a light on a bushel and not under it.

The Confederacy was pretty well represented on the stage that night. In addition to this unreconstructed rebel. The director, Mr Stronach, is one of the Virginia Cousins from Clark County. Miss Jane Pickens is a professional singer, whose head is as red as the clay hills of Georgia from whence she came. These two have joined the Yankees and now live in New York.

Then there was that son of the far South, Will Davis, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, city of Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and hound dog man. His mother was a professional singer. About forty years ago, her singing of the ever popular song "O Promise Me," was transcribed on a victrola record. Not one record could be found, though Mr Davis sought diligently. "We the People" had one for him in an hour after his plea had gone out over the air.

Another on the job that night was Far Wood, that boat racing son of Neptune, whose speed boats have won so many races there is no one left with the nerve to challenge him.

There was the interesting Major of the late royal navy of Russia, who designs fast military planes for America these days.

Then there were Mr and Mrs George Lowther, of New York, whose recent courtship through mandamus proceedings and their elopement and marriage has been heralded from coast to coast in the daily papers. They are a nice young couple and I am for them. If they will send me their address when they go to house-keeping, I will help them start right to the extent of a year's subscription to the Pocahontas Times.

The remaining feature of the program was a group of boys from the Bowery, who play harmonicas. They were bright little dickenses, with the souls of artists. I got real chummy with them. Don't ask me their names; I can hardly pronounce, much less spell them. They were of Italian extraction, mostly.

Pocahontas  
Times

1/13/40

Pocahontas - Chapter 4

**-: D I E D :-**

Mrs Phoebe Ellen Zickafoose Lambert was born at Cave, Pendleton County, November 13, 1862; she departed this life December 4, 1939, at her home at Greenbank, aged 77 years and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Sampson and Sarah Simmons Zickafoose. She is survived by her half brother, Robert Mullenax, and her half sister, Mrs Pearlie Lambert, both of Cherry Grove.

On August 19, 1880, she became the wife of James B Lambert. To this union seven children were born. She is survived by her aged husband, and two children, Mrs Boyd Crigler, of Franklin and Mrs Homer Cassell, of Greenbank; also by twenty three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

At the age of twelve years, Mrs Lambert made profession of her faith and united with the United Brethren Church, ever living the faithful, consistent life of a Christian. She was a great church worker, a teacher in the Sabbath School, ready to do everything in her power to advance The Kingdom. She was a sympathetic friend and neighbor, a loving and affectionate mother.

The funeral service was held from the Greenbank Methodist Church by Rev Quade R. Arbogast. Burial in the Arbovale Cemetery beside the graves of her son and daughter. The pall bearers were her grandsons and the flower bearers her granddaughters.

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